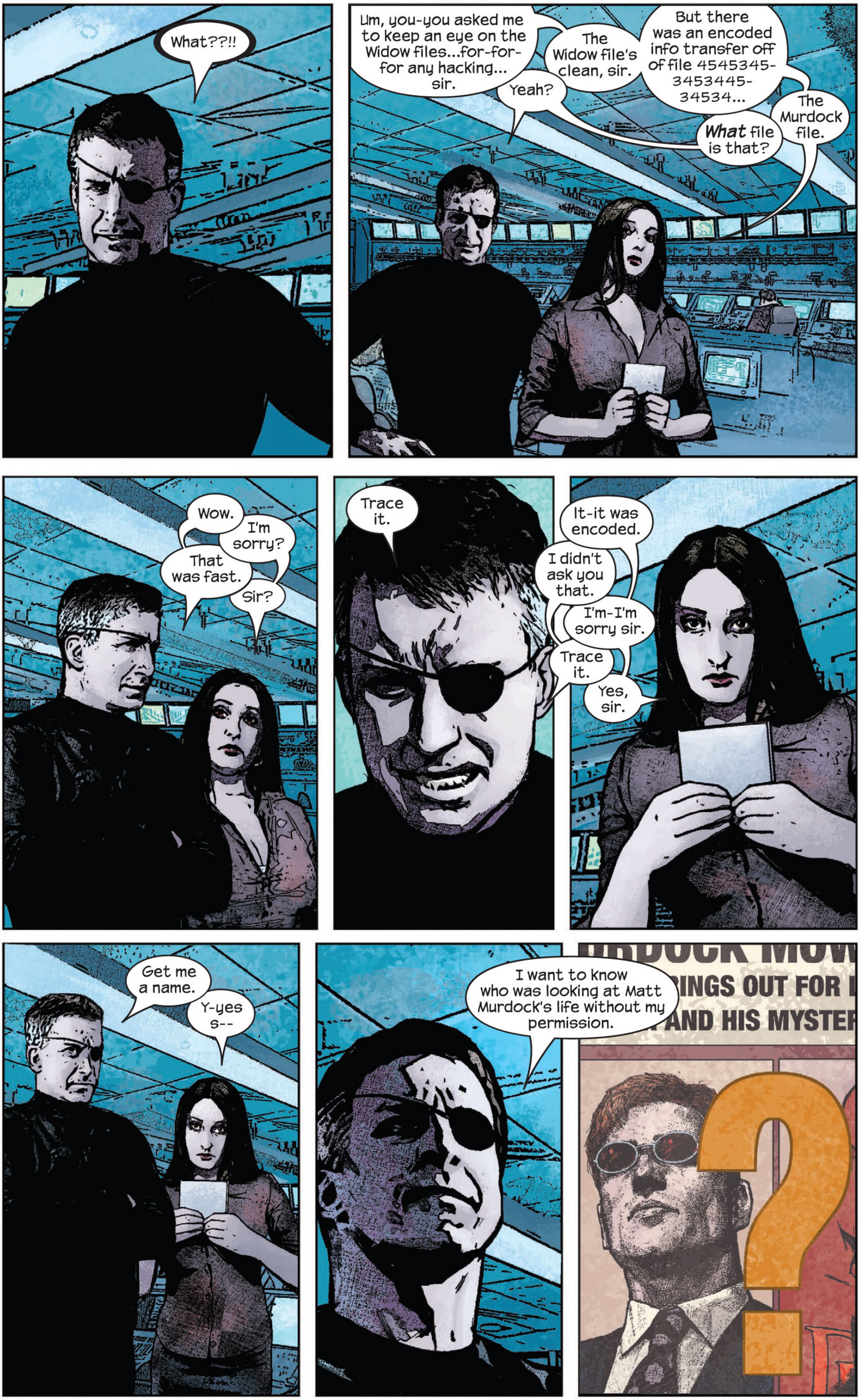
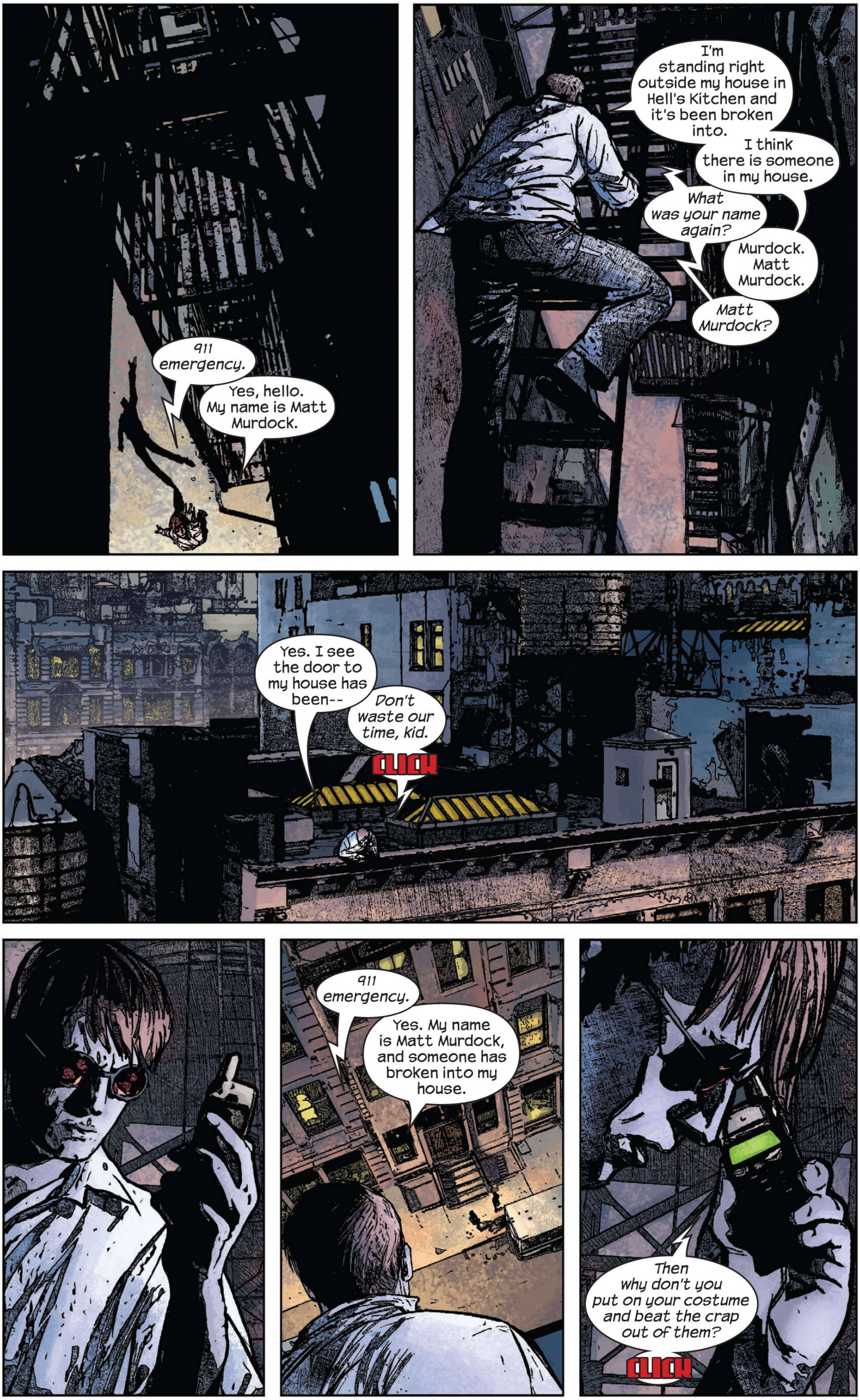
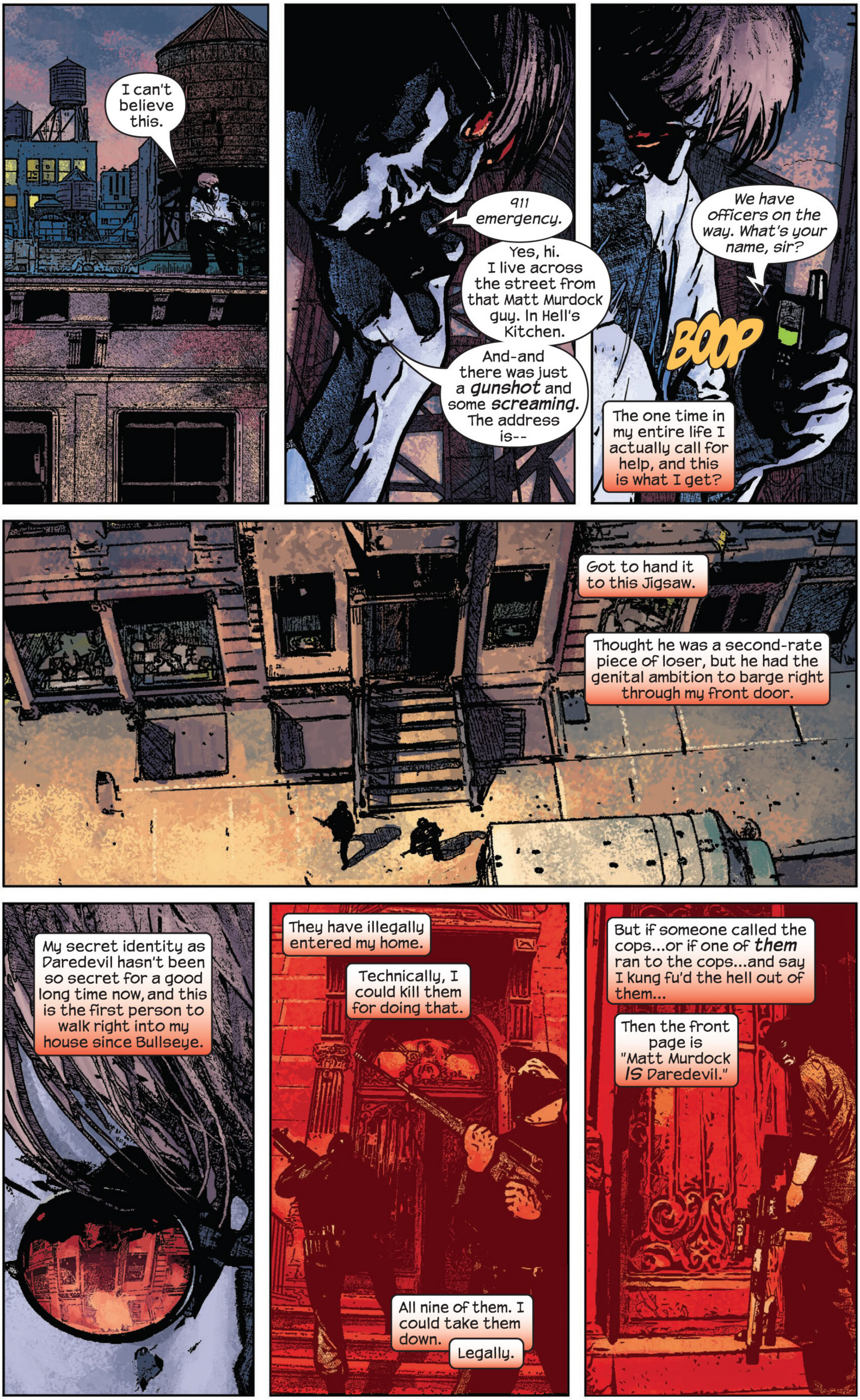
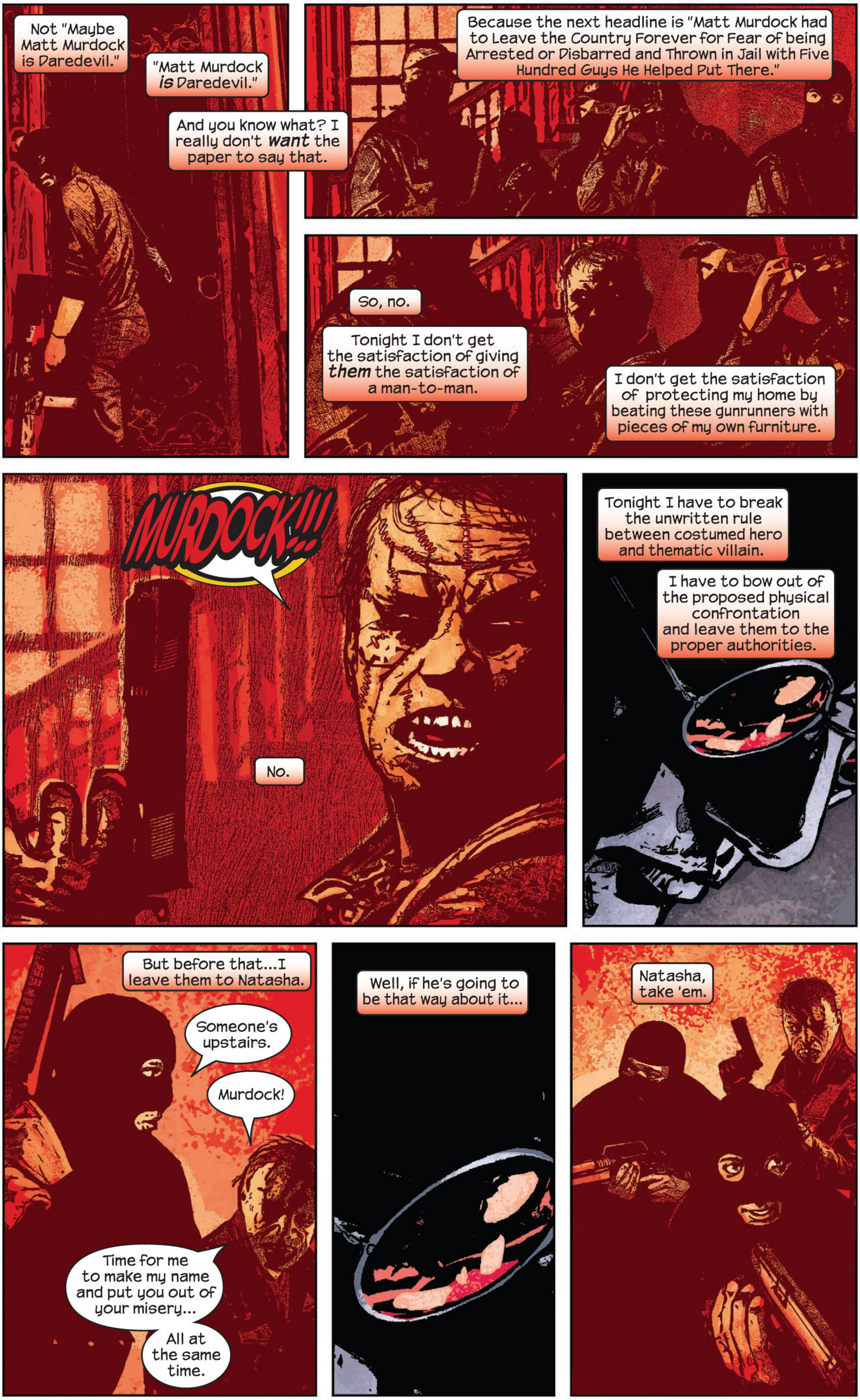
64
AM
2004

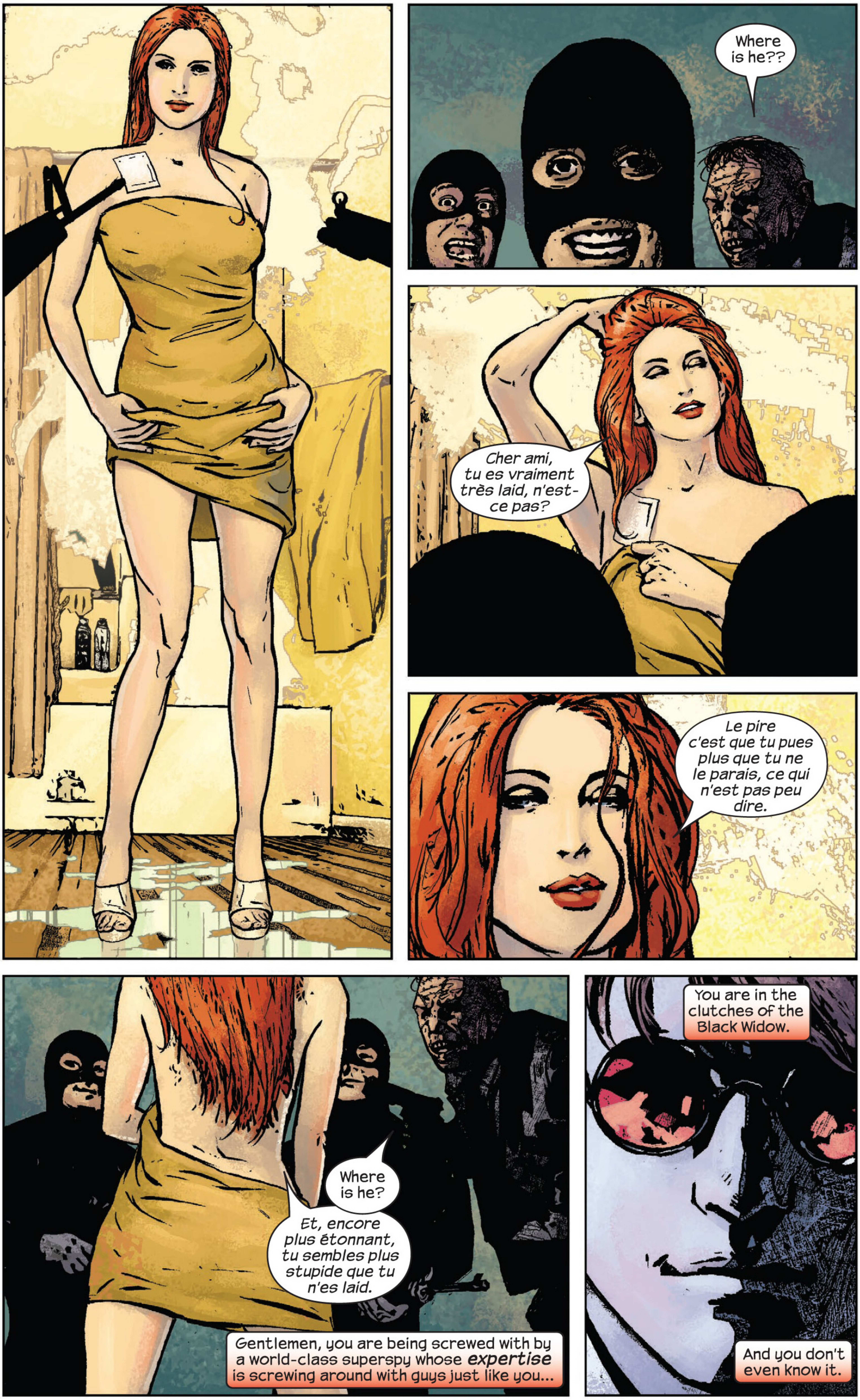
S.H.I.E.L.D. Helicarrier
Floating world headquarters of the U.N. Peacekeeping task force. Present location: 1000 feet over Langley, West Virginia
Colonel Fury?
Where did you get this?
DAILY BUGLE
ONLINE EDITION
Home Delivery offer
MURDOCK MOWDOWN
GUNFIRE RINGS OUT FOR LUNCHTIME LAWYER AND HIS MYSTERY GAL PAL
NYC Weather
Breaking News
Post Liberty Medals
HAIL OUR HEROES
Off of Reuters.
Where did you get this?
The news service. Online.
What?
I-I was checking the sports scores.
You're sittin' in ten billion dollars of floating spy equipment and you got this off the $%^&in' Internet??!!
Are you mad at me?
We have agents in Hell's Kitchen.
I wouldn't know that, sir.
Murdock? Why did she run to Murdock?
Colonel Fury, Director Wallace is on sky comm.
What did I say the last six times you told me that?
I'm sorry, Mr. Wallace, Colonel Fury is not onboard the helicarrier.
Colonel Fury?


What??!!
Um, you-you asked me to keep an eye on the Widow files...for-for-for any hacking... sir.
The Widow file's clean, sir.
Yeah?
But there was an encoded info transfer off of file 4545345-3453445-34534...
What file is that?
The Murdock file.
Wow.
I'm sorry?
That was fast.
Sir?
Trace it.
It-it was encoded.
I didn't ask you that.
I'm-I'm sorry sir.
Trace it.
Yes, sir.
Get me a name.
Y-yes s--
I want to know who was looking at Matt Murdock's life without my permission.
RDOCK MOV
RINGS OUT FOR
AND HIS MYSTER
?


911 emergency.
Yes, hello. My name is Matt Murdock.
I'm standing right outside my house in Hell's Kitchen and it's been broken into.
I think there is someone in my house.
What was your name again?
Murdock. Matt Murdock.
Matt Murdock?
Yes. I see the door to my house has been--
Don't waste our time, kid.
CLICK
911 emergency.
Yes. My name is Matt Murdock, and someone has broken into my house.
Then why don't you put on your costume and beat the crap out of them?
CLICK

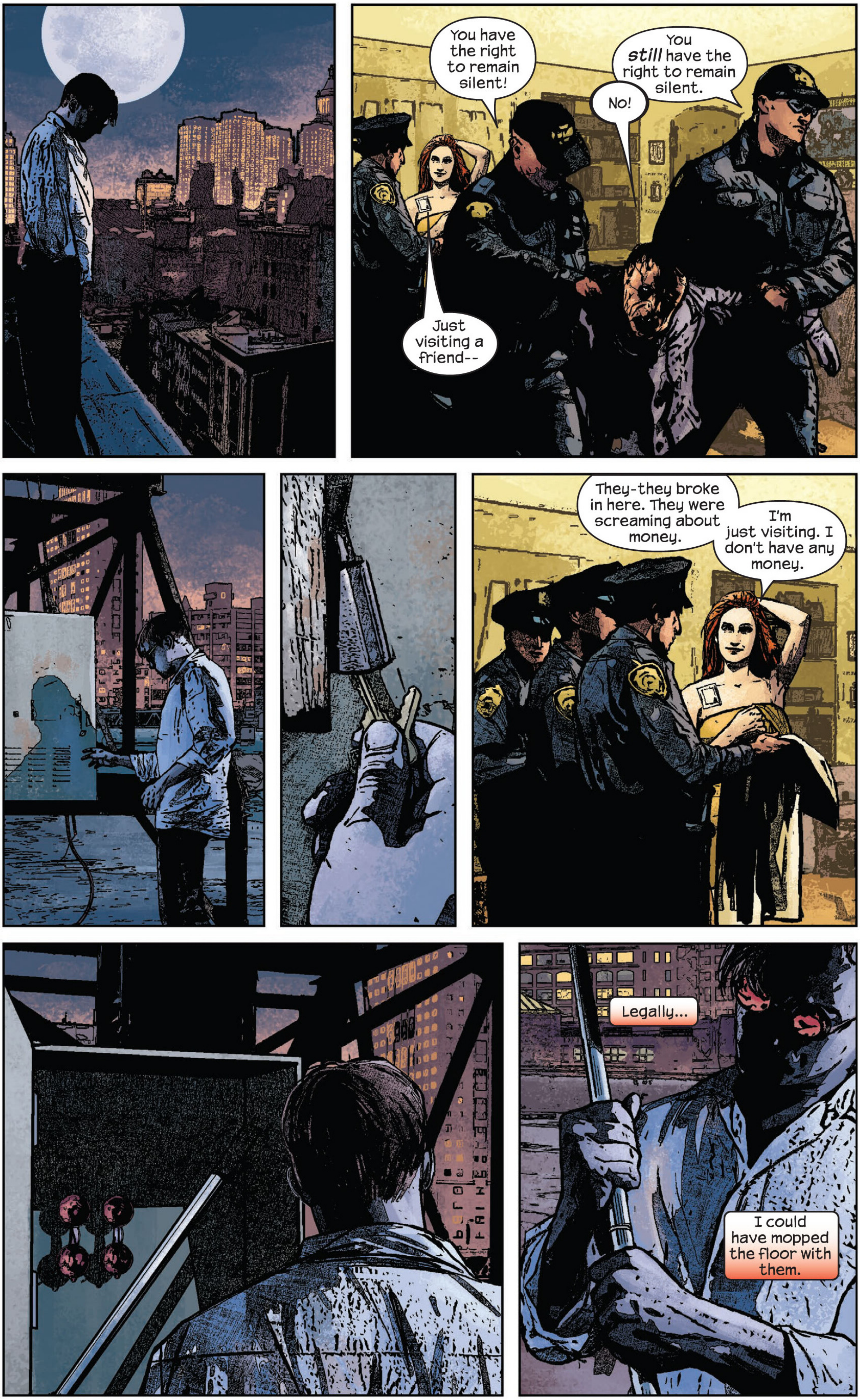

I can't believe this.
911 emergency.
Yes, hi. I live across the street from that Matt Murdock guy. In Hell's Kitchen.
And-and there was just a **gunshot** and some **screaming.** The address is--
We have officers on the way. What's your name, sir?
BOOP
The one time in my entire life I actually call for help, and this is what I get?
Got to hand it to this Jigsaw.
Thought he was a second-rate piece of loser, but he had the genital ambition to barge right through my front door.
My secret identity as Daredevil hasn't been so secret for a good long time now, and this is the first person to walk right into my house since Bullseye.
They have illegally entered my home.
Technically, I could kill them for doing that.
All nine of them. I could take them down.
Legally.
But if someone called the cops...or if one of **them** ran to the cops...and say I kung fu'd the hell out of them...
Then the front page is "Matt Murdock *IS* Daredevil."

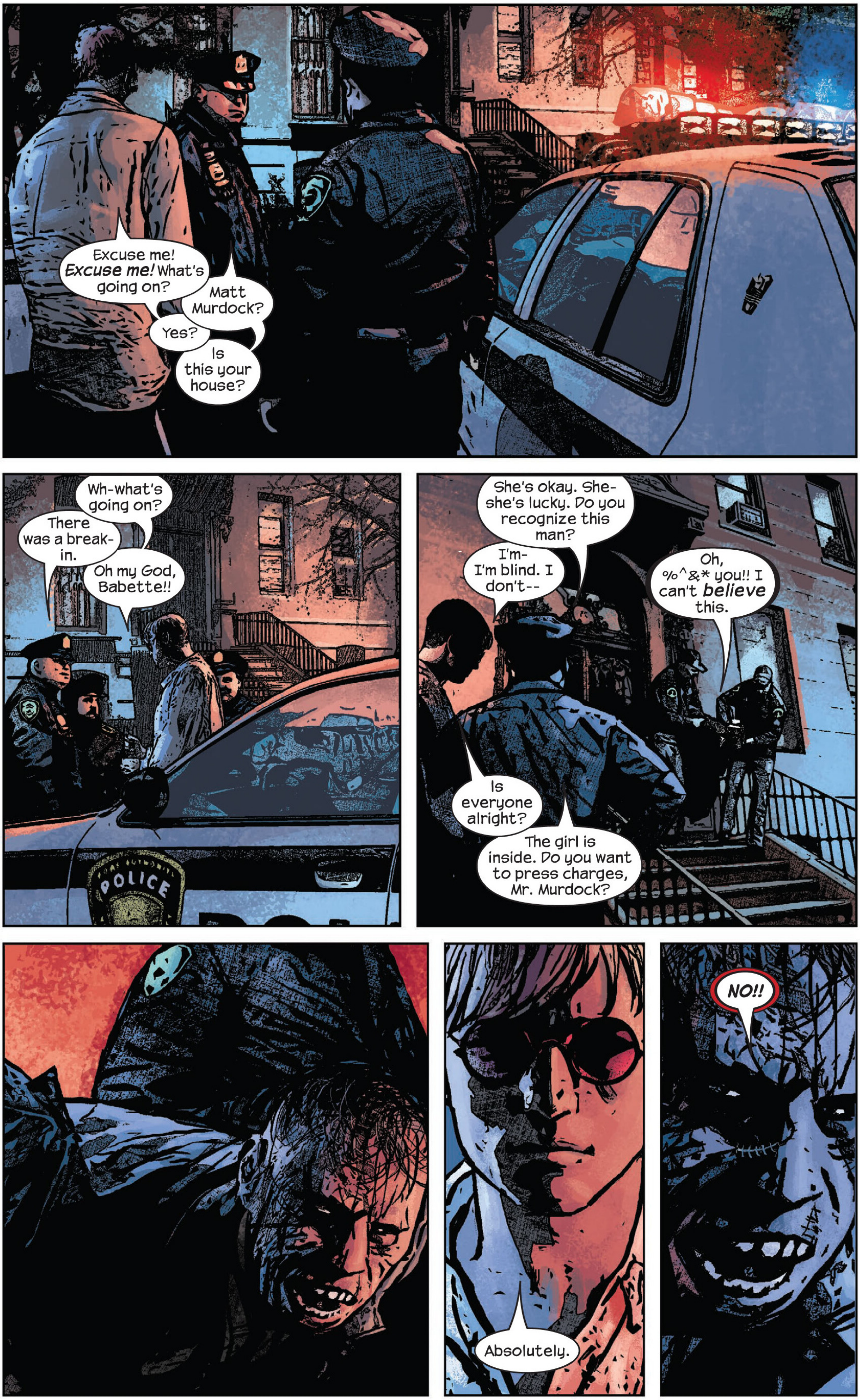

Not "Maybe Matt Murdock is Daredevil."
"Matt Murdock *is* Daredevil."
And you know what? I really don't *want* the paper to say that.
Because the next headline is "Matt Murdock had to Leave the Country Forever for Fear of being Arrested or Disbarred and Thrown in Jail with Five Hundred Guys He Helped Put There."
So, no.
Tonight I don't get the satisfaction of giving *them* the satisfaction of a man-to-man.
I don't get the satisfaction of protecting my home by beating these gunrunners with pieces of my own furniture.
MURDOCK!!!
No.
Tonight I have to break the unwritten rule between costumed hero and thematic villain.
I have to bow out of the proposed physical confrontation and leave them to the proper authorities.
But before that...I leave them to Natasha.
Someone's upstairs.
Murdock!
Time for me to make my name and put you out of your misery...
All at the same time.
Well, if he's going to be that way about it...
Natasha, take 'em.

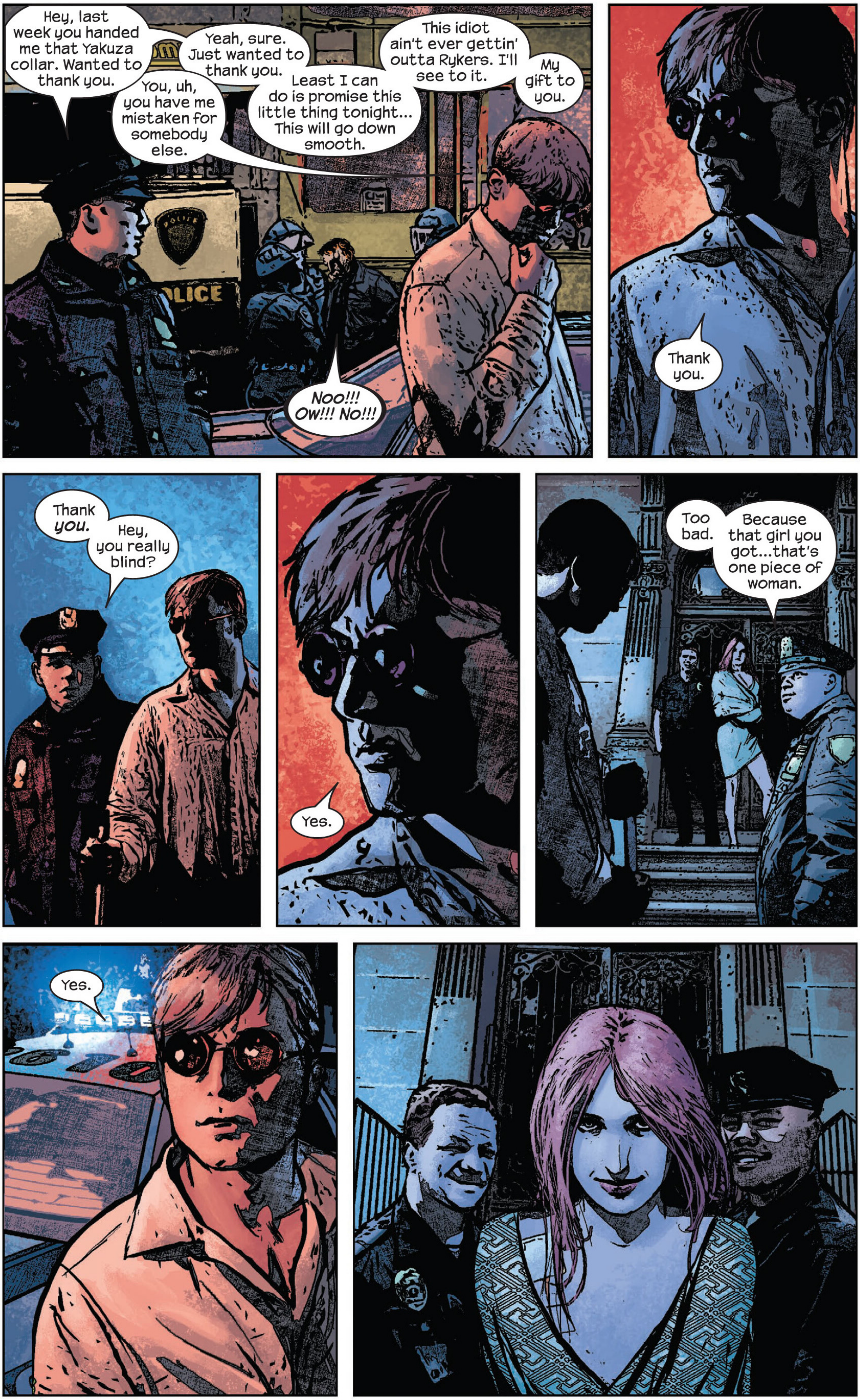

Where is he??
Cher ami, tu es vraiment très laid, n'est-ce pas?
Le pire c'est que tu pues plus que tu ne le parais, ce qui n'est pas peu dire.
Where is he?
Et, encore plus étonnant, tu sembles plus stupide que tu n'es laid.
Gentlemen, you are being screwed with by a world-class superspy whose ***expertise*** is screwing around with guys just like you...
You are in the clutches of the Black Widow.
And you don't even know it.

Think we got the wrong house, Jigs.
Wait a second!! *Wait a second!!!* You're her!
At the pier. You're the one that was with him!! The broad!
Murdock!! Murdock!!
Oh no!
Je n'ai jamais rencontre de personne plus laide que toi, et pourtant je suis Russe.
Where?? Is?! Murdock??
WWEEOOOWWEEOOO
%^&$!
WEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOO
Guys! Cops!
WEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOO
Aw man, this was such a bad idea.
Dude, you got us pinched twice in a week!
No!
Twice, they don't let you out on bail. You sit in a cell.
I'm outta here, man.

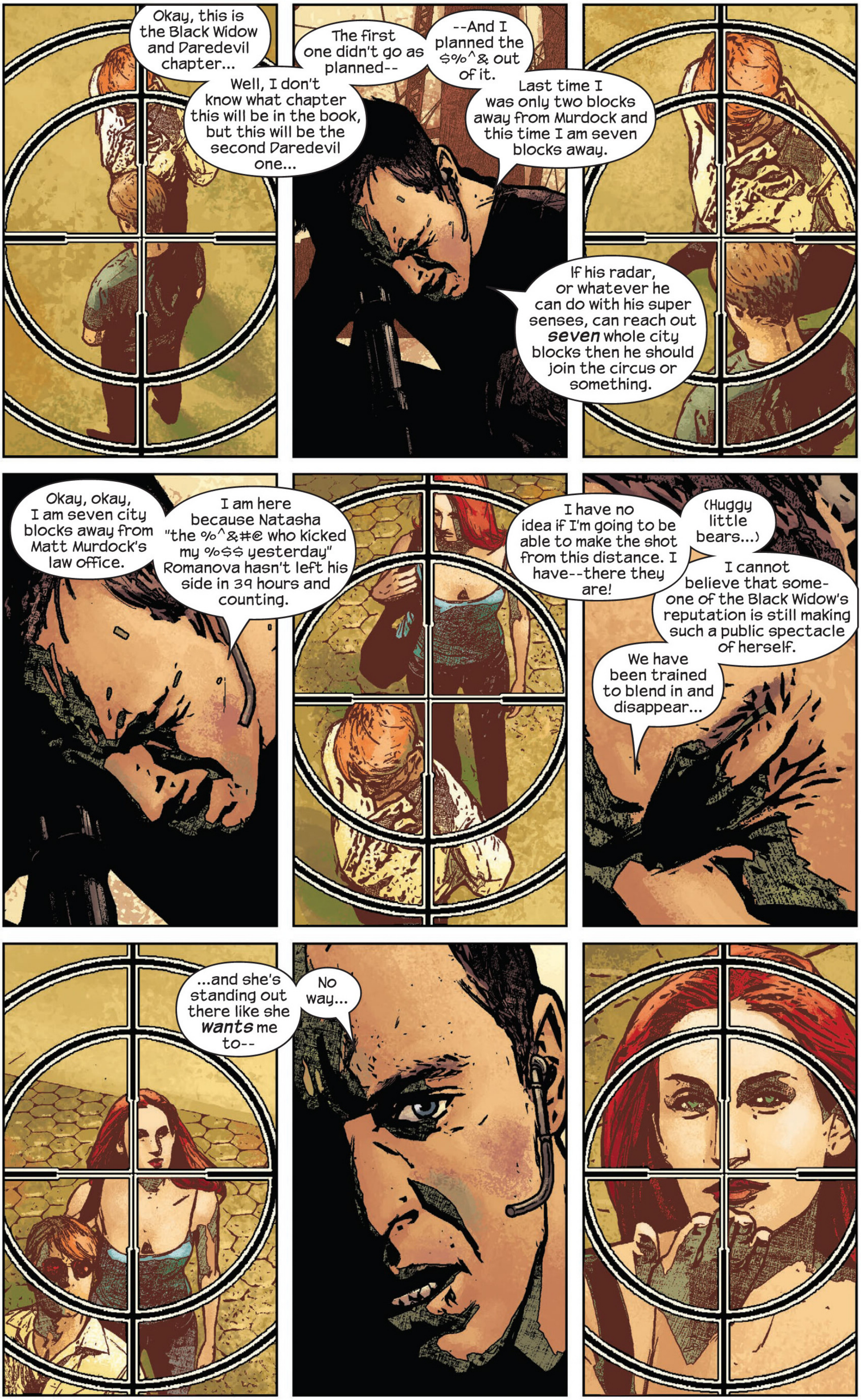
WWEEOOOWWEEOOO
Freeze!!
Aw, crap!!
WHACK
CRACK
SMACK
Freeze! Police!!
Oh, thank goodness!
There's more of them, they, like, ran every which way.


You have the right to remain silent!
Just visiting a friend--
No!
You *still* have the right to remain silent.
They-they broke in here. They were screaming about money.
I'm just visiting. I don't have any money.
Legally...
I could have mopped the floor with them.

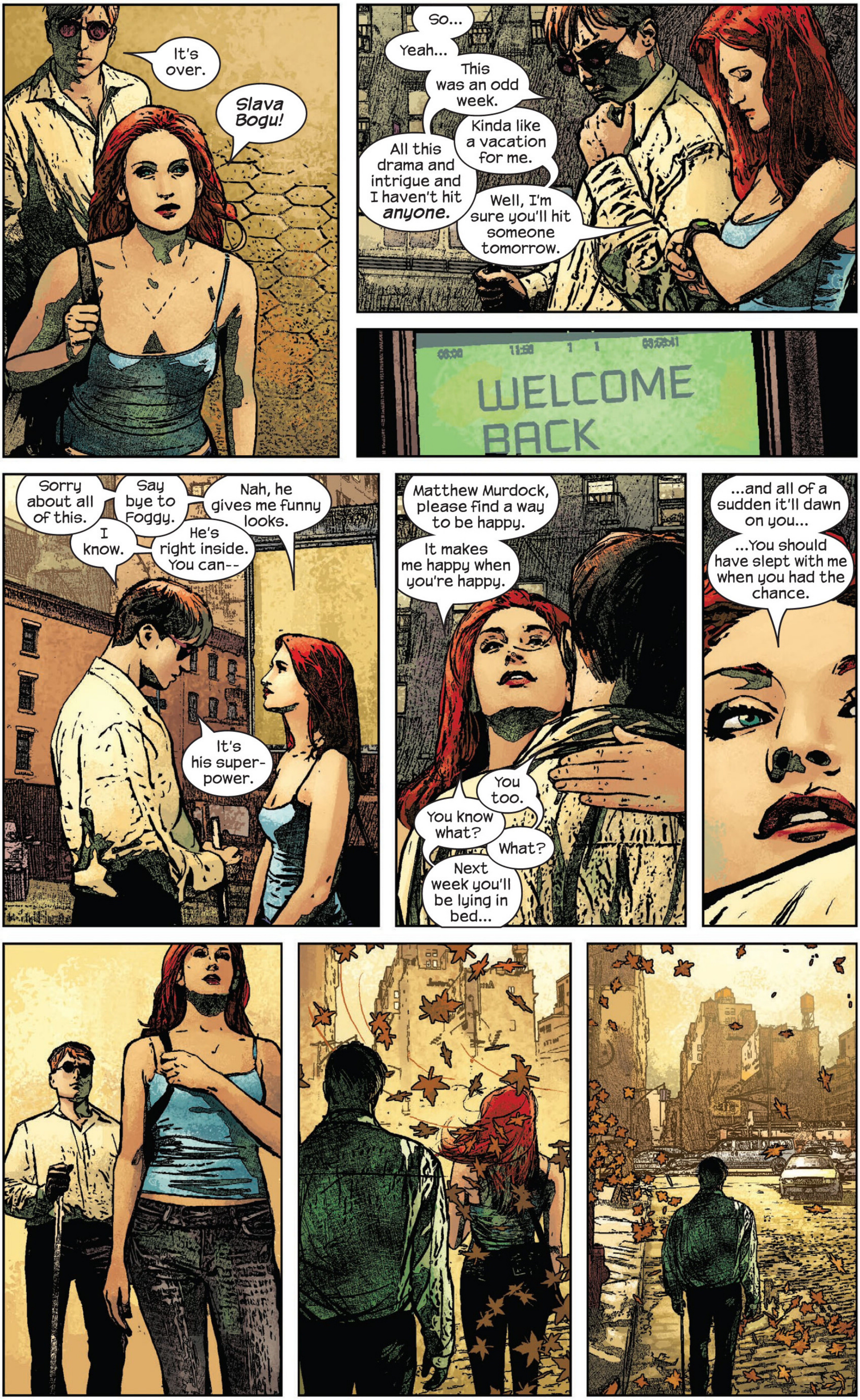

Excuse me! *Excuse me!* What's going on?
Matt Murdock?
Yes?
Is this your house?
Wh-what's going on?
There was a break-in.
Oh my God, Babette!!
She's okay. She-she's lucky. Do you recognize this man?
I'm-I'm blind. I don't--
Oh, %^&* you!! I can't *believe* this.
Is everyone alright?
The girl is inside. Do you want to press charges, Mr. Murdock?
Absolutely.
NO!!


Hey, last week you handed me that Yakuza collar. Wanted to thank you.
You, uh, you have me mistaken for somebody else.
Yeah, sure. Just wanted to thank you.
Least I can do is promise this little thing tonight... This will go down smooth.
This idiot ain't ever gettin' outta Rykers. I'll see to it.
My gift to you.
Noo!!! Ow!!! No!!!
POLICE
Thank you.
Thank *you.*
Hey, you really blind?
Yes.
Too bad.
Because that girl you got...that's one piece of woman.
Yes.

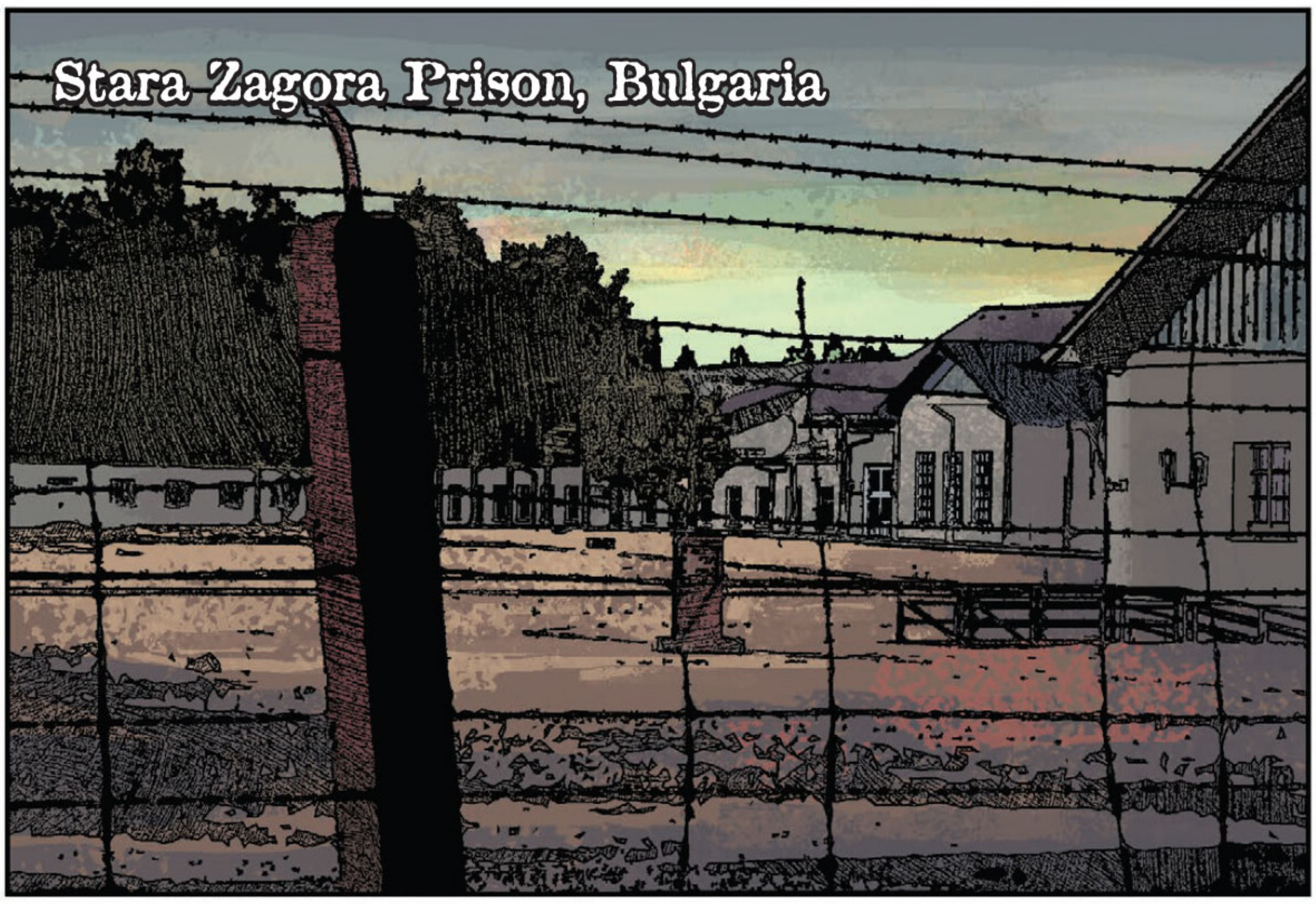
No, m'sleepy.
Grab your stuff, Natasha. We can't sleep here tonight.
Matt, I *have* to sleep. You know how I get.
Yes, but *you* have a hired assassin after you who has not only gotten access to my S.H.I.E.L.D. file...
(...which is something *I* have never had.)
But today, before all of this, he has seen my face.
He's probably left the city.
You don't know the desperate "work-for-hire" types like I do.
I do.
BEEP BEE BEE
BEEP BEE BEE
HOWARD
Crap!
What does it say?
Howard.
Who's Howard?
It's from Fury.
That's his code name?
No, it means Howard the Duck.
I don't get it.
Howard the Duck. Sitting duck. He wants us to play sitting duck.
Means he's on it. Means he's close.
But he sorta kinda needs us to--
Sit here and get shot at.
Only a little.
But we're safe here tonight, there's agents on us.
Not picking them up on my radar.
They're S.H.I.E.L.D. agents. Of course you can't.
Howard the Duck.

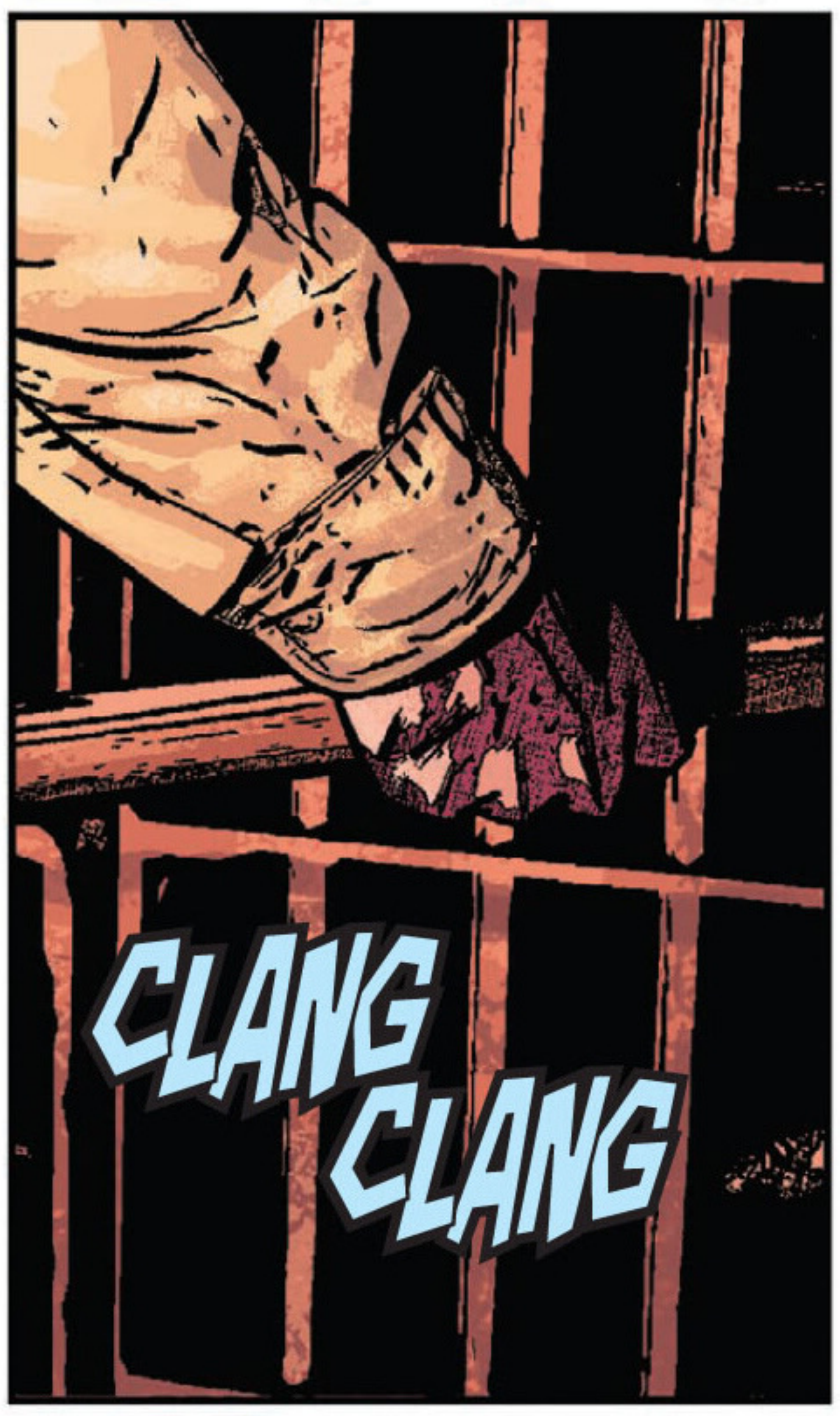

Okay, this is the Black Widow and Daredevil chapter...
Well, I don't know what chapter this will be in the book, but this will be the second Daredevil one...
The first one didn't go as planned--
--And I planned the $%^& out of it.
Last time I was only two blocks away from Murdock and this time I am seven blocks away.
If his radar, or whatever he can do with his super senses, can reach out *seven* whole city blocks then he should join the circus or something.
Okay, okay, I am seven city blocks away from Matt Murdock's law office.
I am here because Natasha "the %^&#@ who kicked my %$$ yesterday" Romanova hasn't left his side in 39 hours and counting.
I have no idea if I'm going to be able to make the shot from this distance. I have--there they are!
(Huggy little bears...)
I cannot believe that someone of the Black Widow's reputation is still making such a public spectacle of herself.
We have been trained to blend in and disappear...
...and she's standing out there like she *wants* me to--
No way...

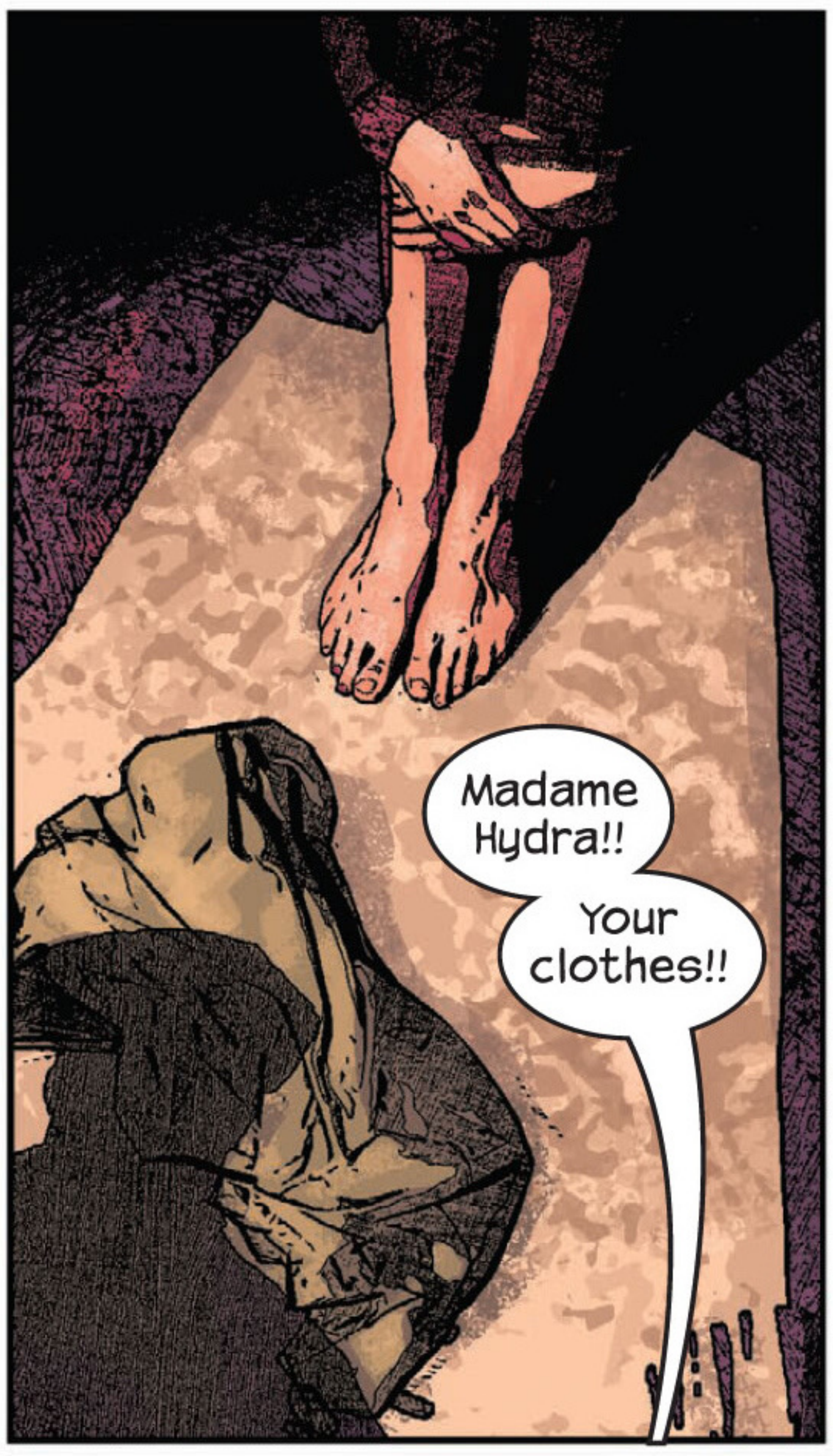
Kkktts!!
Yeah, hard to pull a trigger when every muscle in your body has lost contact with your brain.
Didn't even feel the dart, did you?
Kts!
A lot's changed since we spent all that hard-earned money on training you.
Quinn.
We already have the network of greedy weasels you were stealing from us with.
So, why don't you give me the name of the person who hired you?
So I can go get the person who hired them, and the person who hired them.
You know, when you can speak again.
I can see in your eyes that you're going to be cooperative.
Widow. Come back in.

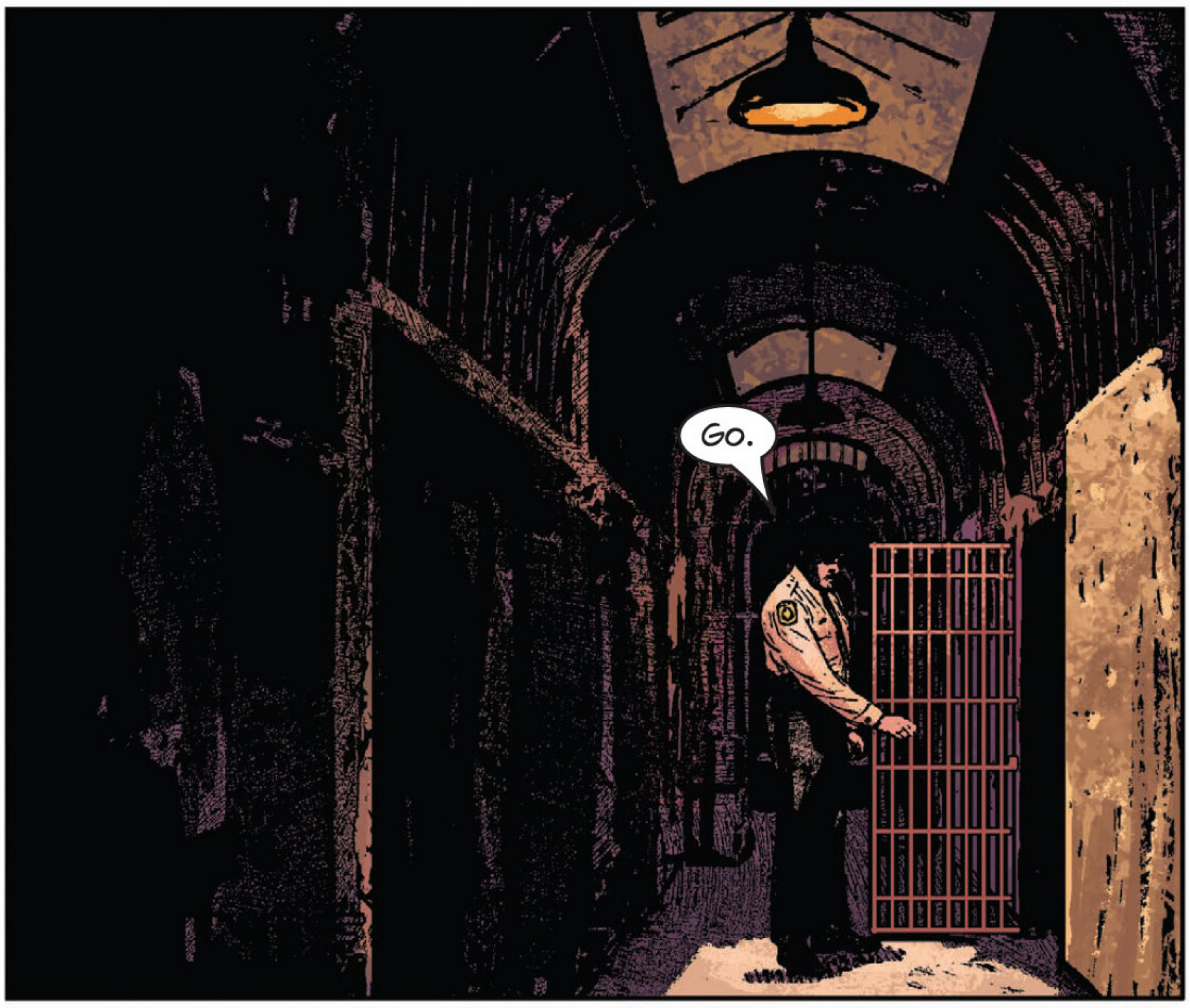

It's over.
Slava Bogu!
So...
Yeah...
This was an odd week.
Kinda like a vacation for me.
All this drama and intrigue and I haven't hit ***anyone.***
Well, I'm sure you'll hit someone tomorrow.
WELCOME BACK
Sorry about all of this.
Say bye to Foggy.
I know.
He's right inside. You can--
Nah, he gives me funny looks.
It's his super-power.
Matthew Murdock, please find a way to be happy.
It makes me happy when you're happy.
You too.
You know what?
What?
Next week you'll be lying in bed...
...and all of a sudden it'll dawn on you...
...You should have slept with me when you had the chance.

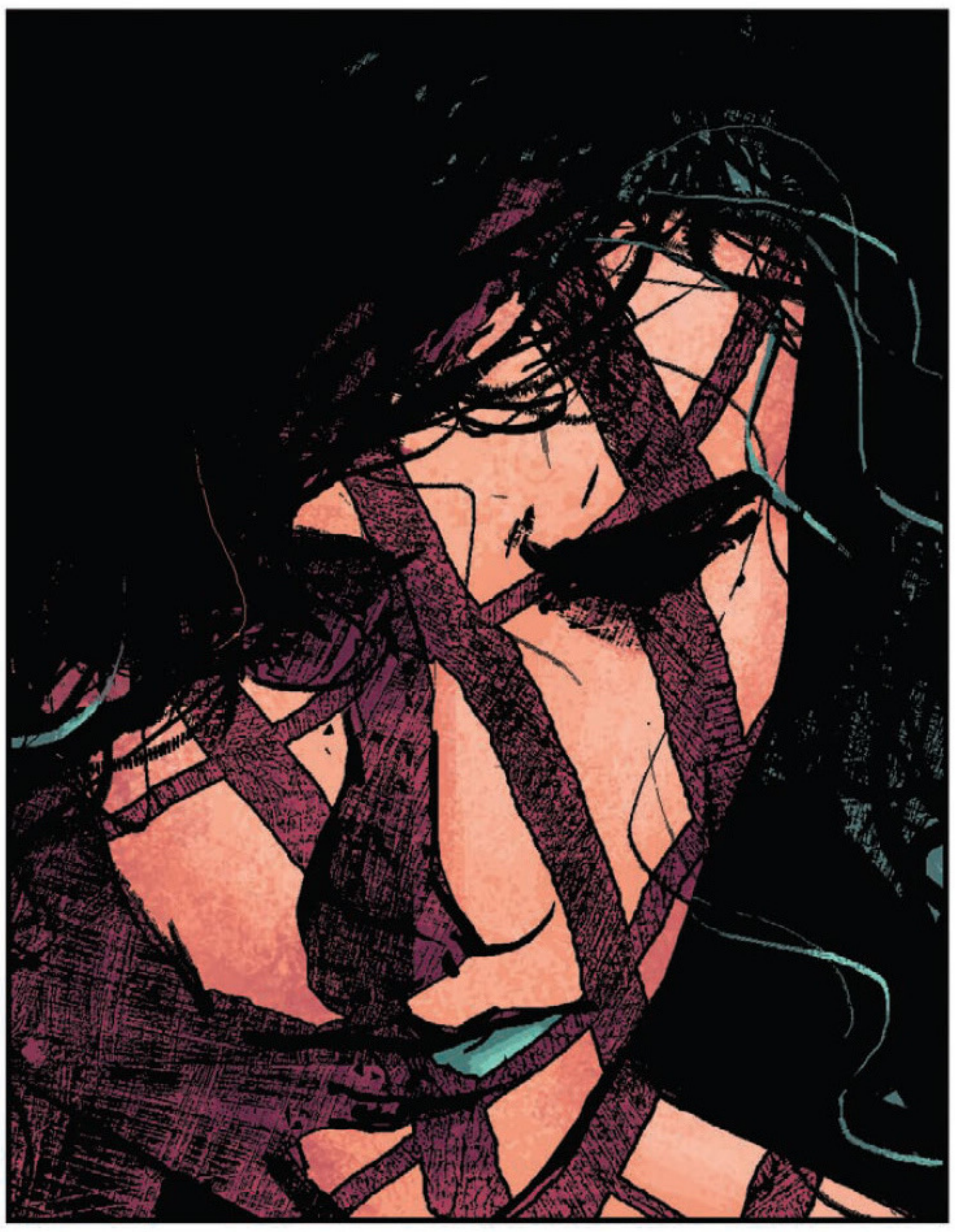
MORNING
Mister director? Colonel Fury on vidphone.
Fury, when I call you, I expect--
Cork it.
I have an ex-S.H.I.E.L.D. ops agent in custody who claims that a woman...
(...who, according to my intel, is blood-related to one of your personal assistants...)
...gave him a bag of cash to poach the Widow.
On American soil.
That is an outrageous--
My agents aren't for sale or trade.
Come near them again and this file accidently makes it into the personal e-mail account of J. Jonah Jameson.
You know who J. Jonah Jameson is?
You should, he's your worst enemy. Even though you've never met him.
Sit there and behave yourself.
I'll take it from here.

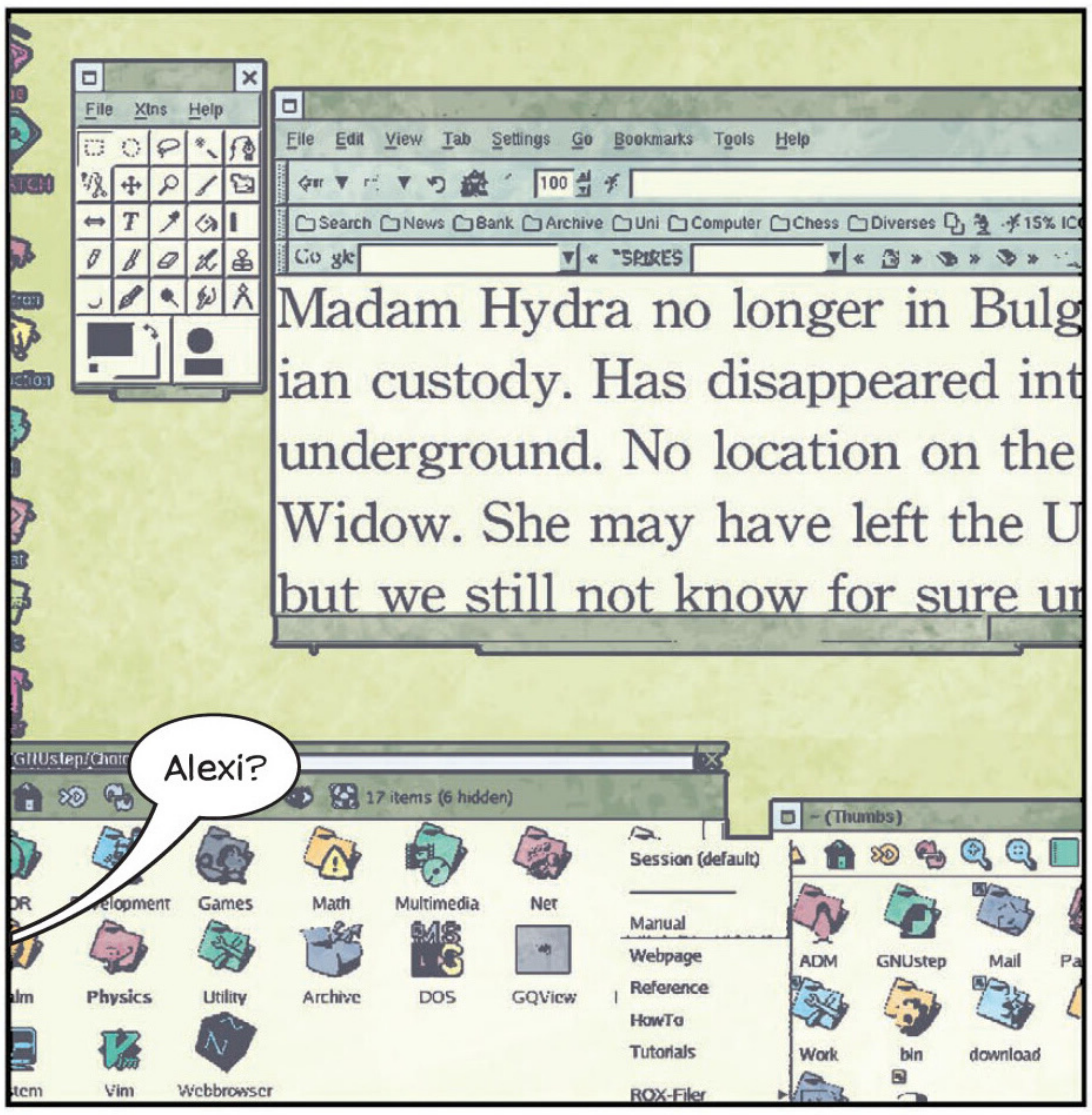

Stara Zagora Prison, Bulgaria


CLANG
CLANG


Madame Hydra!!
Your clothes!!



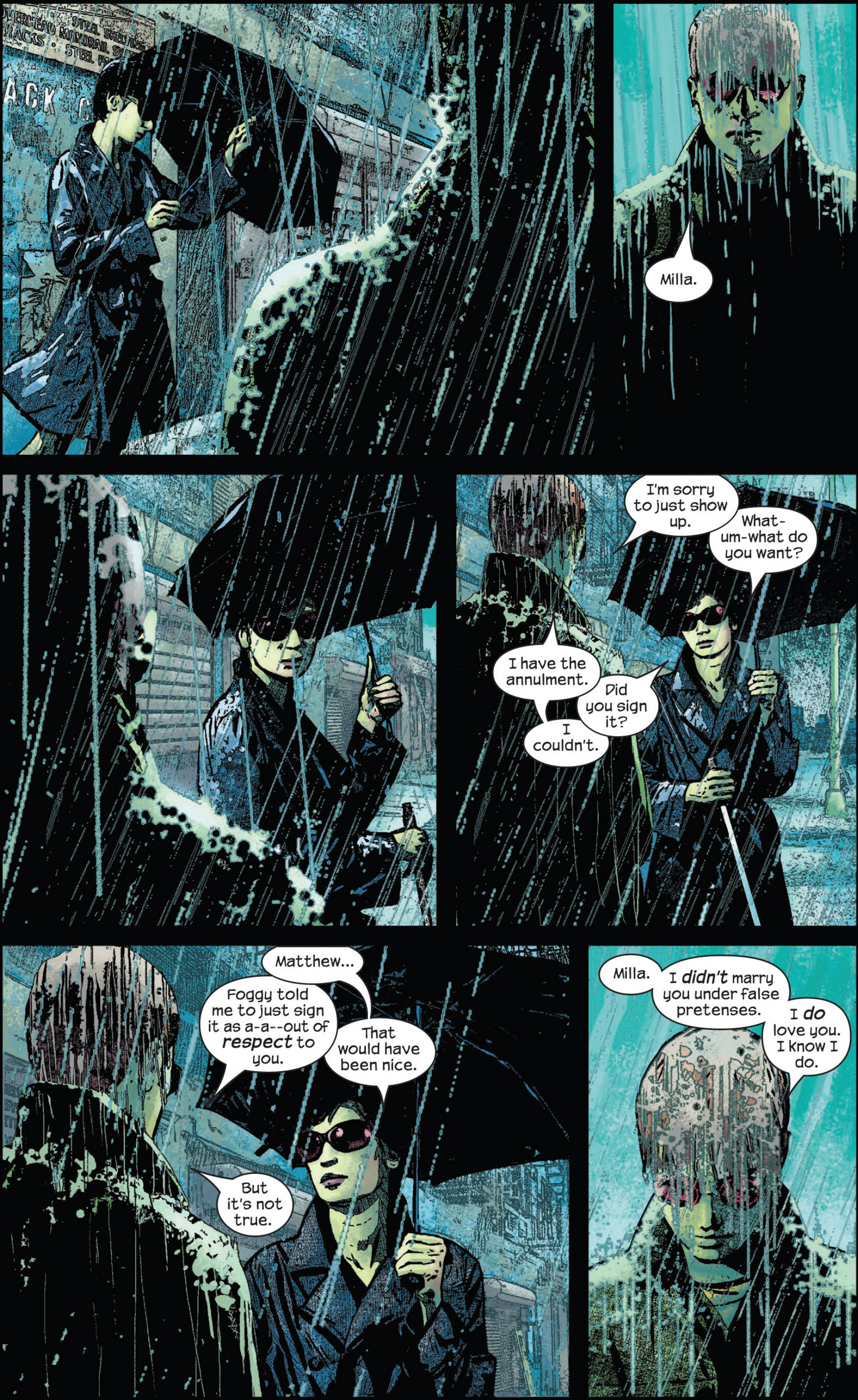


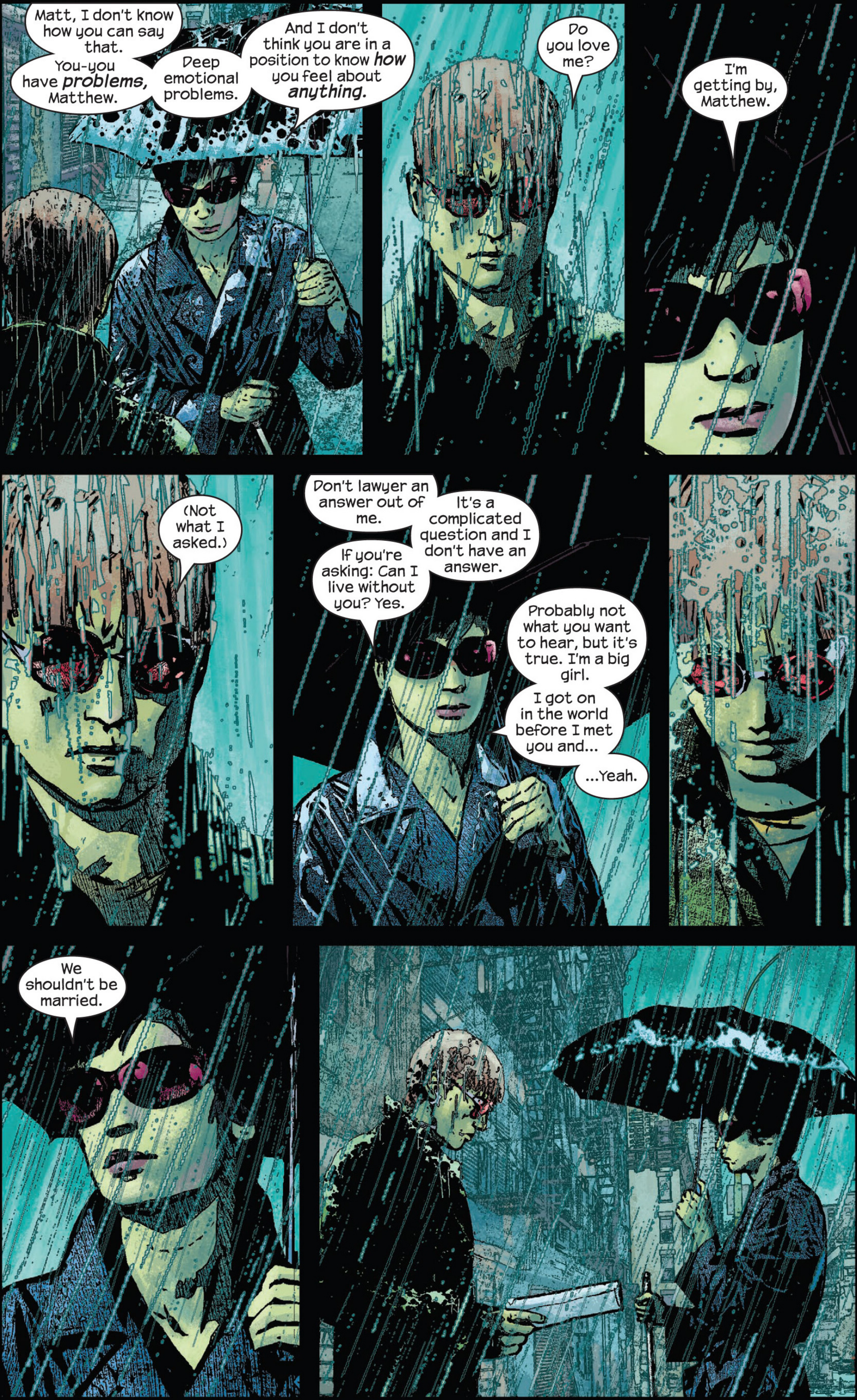

File Xtns Help
File Edit View Tab Settings Go Bookmarks Tools Help
Search News Bank Archive Uni Computer Chess Diverses
17 items (6 hidden)
Games
Math
Multimedia
Net
Physics
Utility
Archive
DOS
GQView
Vim
Webbrowser
Session (default)
Manual
Webpage
Reference
HowTo
Tutorials
ROX-Filer
ADM
GNUstep
Mail
Work
bin
download
Alexi?

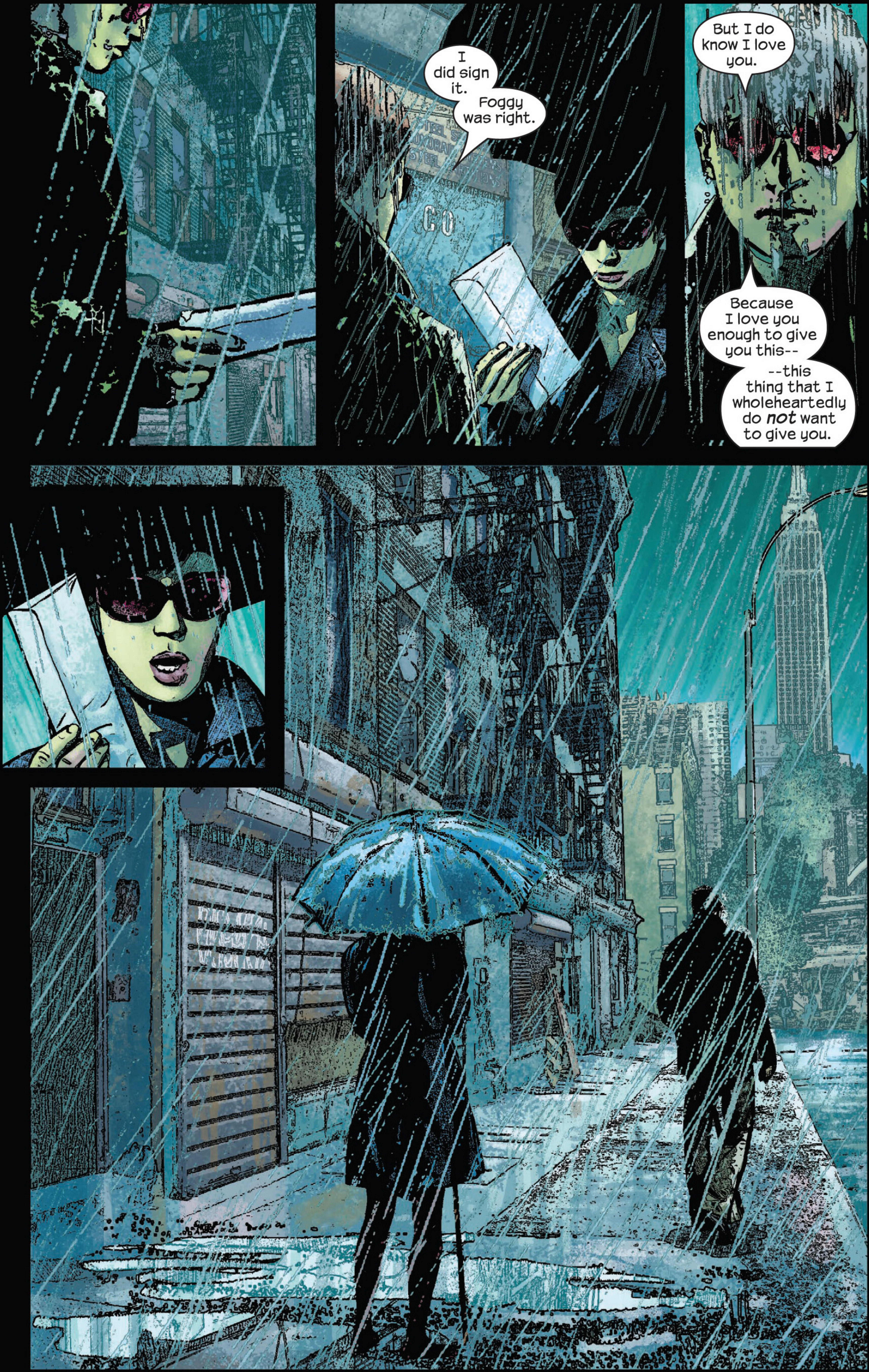
Madam Hydra no longer in Bulg
ian custody. Has disappeared int
underground. No location on the
Widow. She may have left the U
but we still not know for sure ur

You really shouldn't have done that last part.
Letting Madame Hydra go was pushing Fury just a little too far.
Natasha, you look... severe.
You look surprisingly alive.
The Red Guardian back from the dead.
How many S.H.I.E.L.D. agents are here?
Twenty-two.
Oh.
And the Avengers.
(If that makes you feel better.)
I asked for a moment. Being that we used to be married and all...
Back when you were alive.
I thought maybe you'd, um, like to tell me why, after all the effort it must have taken to *create* this new life for yourself...
These years of successfully living as a shadow...
Clearly, you've got money. Clearly, you've pushed your way into a position of authority here. You have the ear of powerful men.
All this you built in secret.
All this...
And you *had* to take a swipe at me?
Why?

I don't like you.
You really shouldn't have released Madame Hydra out of spite like that.
She's a homicidal terrorist.
If she makes a move, thousands of people's lives are on your head.
You shouldn't have done that.
I don't like to lose.
I can see why. You don't do it very well.
Avengers assemble.


Milla.
I'm sorry to just show up.
What- um-what do you want?
I have the annulment.
Did you sign it?
I couldn't.
Matthew...
Foggy told me to just sign it as a-a--out of *respect* to you.
That would have been nice.
But it's not true.
Milla.
I *didn't* marry you under false pretenses.
I *do* love you. I know I do.


Matt, I don't know how you can say that.
You-you have *problems,* Matthew.
Deep emotional problems.
And I don't think you are in a position to know *how* you feel about *anything.*
Do you love me?
I'm getting by, Matthew.
(Not what I asked.)
Don't lawyer an answer out of me.
It's a complicated question and I don't have an answer.
If you're asking: Can I live without you? Yes.
Probably not what you want to hear, but it's true. I'm a big girl.
I got on in the world before I met you and...
...Yeah.
We shouldn't be married.


I did sign it.
Foggy was right.
But I do know I love you.
Because I love you enough to give you this--
--this thing that I wholeheartedly do *not* want to give you.